

# MOOSE JAW TIMES.

VOL. VI.—NO 23.

MOOSE JAW. N. W. T., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

Under this head Business Cards not exceeding one inch, ten dollars per annum.

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Office Main St. Moose Jaw, N. W. T.  
Agent for the Canada Northwest Land Company, Limited, and the Trustees of Moose Jaw Town Site.

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Agent for the Manitoba and North West Land Co. Office, High St. Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

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Satisfaction given both in workmanship and prices.  
Twelve years professional practice in Ontario, Manitoba and the N. W. Territories.

**W. D. COWAN**, L.D.S., D.D.S., Surgeon-Dentist, of Regina, (graduate of the oldest Dental College in the world), visits Moose Jaw staying at the Dining Hall on the first Monday and following Tuesday of every month.

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**CLYDEMOOR GREEN**, Insurance agent; 5 Temperance Lane; also School Debenture bonds; Home Insurance Co. Full list of all kinds open for entry in the above. Also: Farms for sale with from 20 to 200 acres under cultivation, easy payments; C. P. R. and Hudson Bay lands for sale. Money to loan.

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**BOOTS & SHOES**.  
Ordered work a specialty, all repairs done thoroughly, neatly and promptly. Prices low for CASH ONLY.  
MAIN STREET, Moose Jaw.

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Orders for Auction Sales or Bailiff's work left at Mr. Wm. Grayson's office will receive prompt attention.

**I. O. F.**, Court Moose Jaw, No. 509, holds its regular meeting in Russell Hall, on the last Tuesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p.m. Every member is requested to attend.

Next regular meeting will be held on Tuesday, December 25th.  
C. D. J. Christie, C.R. H. F. Dreyer, R.S.

**WHOLESALE** Wine, Liquor and Cigar Store.

Only the finest brands of the most world-renowned makers in both imported and domestic wines, liquors and beers kept in stock.

WE KEEP NO INFERIOR GOODS.  
Write or call for prices.  
TERMS.—

**SPOT CASH**  
Octavius Field.

## GALT COAL SEASON 1894.

**GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.**  
Lump, when taken from car, \$5.95  
" " " shed, 6.20  
" " delivered, 6.50  
Nut, taken from car or shed, 5.00  
" delivered, 5.50

**TERMS STRICTLY & POSITIVELY CASH.**

**Potatoes.** Unloading car to-day; price at car 50cts. per bushel, SPOT CASH. Next week will receive another car which will sell at same price. Can also sell you Cabbage, Carrots, Parsnips, Beets, Turnips, Onions, Etc.

**General Stock.**—Groceries, Flour, Feed and Grains, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Etc., complete as usual.

**E. A. BAKER & CO.**

## CHALMERS.

## FALL & WINTER GOODS

ARE ARRIVING DAILY.  
Our selections of **DRESS COSTUMES** are such as to sustain our reputation. We never placed on our shelves a more select variety.

**In Dress Trimmings** we lead. An elegant range to select from. We invite every Lady to examine our new goods. No trouble to show them. We are offering at greatly reduced prices

**Balance of Summer Stock**, Ladies' Blouses and Gents' Reg. Shirts. We will dispose of them AT COST FOR CASH ONLY.

**I. M. Chalmers.**

## SHIP YOUR RAW FURS

Hides, Tallow, Pelts, Wool, Etc., To  
**JAS. McMILLAN & CO., INC.**

200-212 First Avenue North,  
MINNEAPOLIS, - MINN.

Goods bought right out; no commission charged.  
Fair selection; immediate returns.  
Shipping tags furnished free upon request.  
There is no duty on Raw Furs or any other goods we handle.

Write for Circular giving Latest Market Prices.

## ANTHRACITE COAL.

Furnace size, \$9.50  
Stove size, 9.50

All orders left with Messrs. Wilson & McDonald will be promptly attended to.

**J. H. ROSS.**

## JUST ARRIVED

AT  
**T. W. Robinson's**

A large consignment of Fancy

## CROCKERY

consisting of

China Tea Sets,  
Colored Tea Sets,  
Fancy Cups & Saucers,

suitable for children, ladies, gents—newest designs.

Chamber sets, white and colored, all prices from \$2.00 up. We have made a special cut on a 12 piece set, beautiful design, best quality, gilt, worth \$15.50 for \$10.25.

A full assortment of white and colored glass water sets at all prices.

Lamps and lamp goods. Glasses and glassware stock complete.

Don't forget those bargains in ready-made clothing. A few of these special \$5.00 suits left. All other lines just as good value.

Boys' and men's overcoats away down.

## Furs! Furs!

A FULL LINE IN ALL VARIETIES.

Misses' opossum caps, regular price \$2.50 going at \$1.75. Ladies' long black coats, beauties at \$1.75. Fur coats, great reduction in price. Now is the season to pick up a good bargain, you'll soon require some nice warm furs.

We have also A good line of

**WHITE AND GREY BLANKETS.**

## Eider Down Quilts

reduced in prices. Call and inspect these goods before purchasing. It will interest and surprise you to hear the prices we are selling them for.

**T. W. ROBINSON.**

## ESTEVAN.

Not as Chipper as of Yore. But Still in the Ring.

The village of Estevan in South-eastern Assiniboia possesses a commanding site at the junction of the Manitoba and Southwestern railway line with the C.P.R. Pasqua branch. A general impression having become prevalent in the country for a few weeks past that Estevan remains preserved only in history and in the vain regrets of boom-struck speculators who invested heavily in what were once promising corner-lots, and in the fortune of many frontier towns,—or, to make a long story short, that Estevan was "dead,"—a representative of THE TIMES was on Friday evening last despatched to the scene of former luminous prospects to institute a series of archaeological researches on the site where once was congregated an energetic and thriving population, in the modest hope that at least some small relics would be unearthed that might add lustre to the science of antiquities. Imagine the reporter's surprise when, having spun over the one hundred and fifty odd miles from Moose Jaw in a little over four hours, he alighted at a very commodious depot where all was bustle and activity, was led by an obliging porter over town to an hotel, and was quartered in room 11, spacious and fitted in the house-furnisher's best style, heated by furnace and cozy and comfortable,—even without some of the latest innovations of science such as electric bells and lights—as a suite on the first floor of the Hotel Manitoba or the Windsor at Regina. Downstairs were men, who lacked the slovenly air of the familiar tavern lounge, and whose animated conversation furnished the inkling that there were some of them interested in coal mining and some veteran railroaders. Mr. Kelly, the hospitable proprietor, robed and wearing an air of prosperity, looked to the comforts of his guests and at intervals bore his part in the general converse. One whose habiliments of black and white checked proclaimed him to be a heaven-endowed shepherd of an earthly flock, dropped in, took a chair by the fire and talked of matters spiritual and mortal in a way that proved he was in the habit of meeting his sheep on their own pasture lands.

Surprise, indeed! The reporter's then-present mental status might be succinctly embodied in the somewhat obsolete expression, "Well, I'll be jiggered!" Dead town, eh? Next morning when he arose and looked out upon the numerous hardware, dry goods, grocery and general stores, butcher shops, lumber offices, millinery establishments and lively stables of Estevan, the bewildered searcher for antiquities carefully concealed both his surprise and the cause of it, feeling, and perhaps properly, that his safety would not be enhanced should the fondling citizens of a much alive western village become possessed of the knowledge that they had been looked upon as ancient fossils representing a past and gone populace.

Estevan is favored by a fast mail service both ways daily by the Soo line and a tri-weekly passenger and mail service from Winnipeg, Brandon, Napinka, and all Southern Manitoba towns by the Southwestern branch. It is the first railway divisional point south of Moose Jaw on the Soo, and being also the terminus of the M. & S. W. R., its importance as a railway town is evident, which importance is swelled by the fact that all Roche Perce coal—from which mines the output is now eight cars per day—destined for Manitoba consumption, must be shipped via, and transferred at Estevan to the M. & S. W. Ry.

Although the Dominion Coal Company are not this season operating their coal claims, the notion that no coal is being mined there is a mistaken one. Three claims are being worked by George Rooks, Wilkinson & Co., and Yardley & Oliver respectively. The latter firm are operating quite extensively, considering the limitation of their facilities. Mr. Yardley is an experienced coal miner, having followed the avocation for years in some of the most extensive mines in England. He and his partner have ten men employed, and are mining a four foot seam,—a lower strata than was worked by the Dominion Co. last season. Mr. Yardley is convinced that their sample is even superior to the Roche Perce coal mined by the Souris Co., and says it is not to be compared with the Estevan coal shipped out last winter. He complains, however, that the inferiority of last year's sample injures the present trade, coupled with the fact that the Dominion Co.'s mines at Estevan have been abandoned in favor of the

deposit at Coalfields. Notwithstanding this difficulty, the combined output at Estevan already amounts to four cars per week, or 80 tons. It is sold at \$1.25 on the car, and the difference in freight from Estevan being 25 cents per ton in its favor, their coal is laid down in outside towns \$10.00 per car cheaper than the Roche Perce article.

Mr. Phil. Walsh, agent of the Dominion Coal Co., which handles the output of the H. & S. claim at Coalfields, maintains his headquarters at Estevan, on account of the superior postal facilities there obtained. Mr. Walsh is pretty thoroughly acquainted with the subterranean formation of Estevan's site, and THE TIMES representative had an interesting conversation with him, and gathered the following facts: The town is situated on a level plateau, entirely bounded by the valley of the Souris river and gulches, the bottom levels of which are from 80 to 100 feet below the level of the plateau. A curious feature is that water can be reached about 15 feet down at almost any part of the plateau and yet no spring can be discovered on the sides of the hill which forms the plateau. Mr. Walsh is confident that a deposit of very superior cement lies at a short distance from town. Some time ago when coal testing was being pushed, a sample of cement was secured, which Mr. Hamilton, C.P.R. Lands Commissioner, forwarded to an analyst at Toronto, without furnishing any of the particulars of its discovery. The expert's answer was: Where in the world did you get it? It is much superior to Portland.

The N. W. M. Police maintains a post at Estevan, under Inspector Wilson. Sgt. Major McInnis was found in charge of the commodious station. A very unique piece of furniture occupies the corner of one room, and is termed "the cage." It is a massive iron box with latticed door and window, and measures probably 6x8 feet by 7 feet high. In it prisoners are as secure as if walled in a stone cell in Kingston penitentiary. The sergeant assured the reporter that prisoners, the majority of them of nomadic tendencies, are by no means infrequent occupants of "the cage." When an unfortunate is caged, he is given a blanket, and as the temperature of the room controls the temperature of the cage, there is no danger of discomfort to the prisoner. In the morning the worthy magistrate of the town, Major Phipps—whose headquarters are at Dominion Lands agent for a lately-widened territory is at Estevan—decides upon fine, freedom or further imprisonment.

Not the least genial among the acquaintances made by the reporter at Estevan, was Conductor McMartin, who was introduced as the pioneer conductor entering the town.

There may be less bustle and booming about Estevan now than when railway construction and more extensive mining were prosecuted in that vicinity, yet Estevan is still a live and lusty sample of a prairie town.

## NORTH PORTAL.

On Saturday night the reporter paid a midnight visit to North Portal, the boundary hamlet, and was entertained by Mr. Wright, formerly a resident of Moose Jaw, and Mr. A. C. Paterson, customs collector at that point, who once upon a time was a companion of the quill, having for some years ably edited the Qu'Appelle Progress. Being a cattle quarantine station, Portal was fairly lively during the summer, when immigrant herds were detained there for inspection. The lately inaugurated system of transferring all freight at the boundary from C. P. R. cars to St. P. M. & S. Ste. M. cars and vice versa, still necessitates the presence there of a number of men. Occasionally too there is an influx of Chinamen, who are measured up, recorded and shipped back to Moose Jaw to await identification and certification.

## Hockey.

The first regular practice of the club was held at the rink last night. There was a fair attendance of members, and a spirited game was played. Afterwards the regular meeting of the club was held, when the question of competing for a trophy of seven silver medals, offered by the Regina Club, was discussed. It was decided to enter the contest.

The next regular practice will take place on Thursday, the 6th of Dec., at 7 p. m. Other practices can be held any night prior to skating. It is hoped that there will be a regular attendance of members at practices in view of the coming contest with the Regina Club. Hockey sticks can be obtained at the office of the President, Mr. W. J. Nelson.



largest increase.



## FROM THE PEACE RIVER.

REV. J. G. BRICK'S RETURN FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

Most interesting talk of a smiling country that but awaits the civilization. Description of the climate and products of the country—Good prices for wheat—Heavier Indian families—Wanted.

Rev. J. Gough Brick, of Christ church mission, Peace, has returned to Toronto to spend the winter.

Last winter a serious epidemic of la grippe was experienced at the mission and as the nearest medical man was 400 miles away, at Edmonton, many died. Mr. Brick had a severe attack, and his principal subject in coming back to his old home is to recuperate.

The Peace river is described by Mr. Brick as much larger than the Saskatchewan and the Athabasca, and next in size to the Mackenzie. On the banks there are flats which are not more than 10 or 12 feet above high water mark; these extend back from the river to three-quarters of a mile to the foot hills, which rise to a height of 600 to 700 feet on both sides of the river, not abruptly, but attaining their elevations gradually in a distance of two miles. The scenery is simply grand. On the river flat described, Rev. Mr. Brick has been farming in the interests of his mission for six years. So far, he says, frost has never injured the crops. Wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, turnips, kinds of vegetables, even pumpkins and cucumbers are successfully raised. Crops do not ripen, but it becomes sufficiently matured to be used as green corn. Samples of the wheat have been pronounced equal to anything that can be raised in the North-West; they have averaged 64 to 66 pounds to the bushel. Some idea of the advantage of the mission raising its own supplies may be formed from the fact that in 1882 Mr. Brick paid \$81

for four bags of flour, at \$21 per sack.

"In fact," said Mr. Brick, "for the first five years we never had any flour in the spring time, and sometimes killed horses to keep us alive. I paid \$3 a bag for that flour in Winnipeg in 1882, and it cost me \$18 to get it into the Peace River mission. The regular freight rates from Winnipeg to Athabasca landing was 18 cents a pound on an ox cart.

Two years ago Mr. Brick left the mission farm to his two sons on shares, they doing all the work for half the profits. They have since been selling flour at \$10 per sack, in trade for furs. The

STOCK KEPT ON THE FARM

now amounts to 35 horned cattle, 25 horses, and some 50 pigs. The Indian school of the mission is supplied with provisions from the farm. This school numbers 10 to 20 children, who are all fed and clothed while attending school. The government contributes nothing except a grant for the teacher's salary. Another object in maintaining the farm is to teach the Indians how to cultivate soil and raise stock. There are about 140 souls in the neighborhood of the mission. One family came at the time the mission was located, the others have all come since. They are almost entirely of Cree nationality. Some are half-breeds, who formerly belonged to the Red River settlement. The native Indians of the Peace River country are the Beavers. They have not been dying fast, as the Indians say they visit it from time to time. The Cree language is the only means of holding conversation with them. The Beaver language is a very difficult one. As a people they are dying fast, out. During Rev. Mr. Brick's residence of twelve years, 45 heads of families have been reduced to 12. The mortality is proportionately large among the men, and there are many more women than among the Cree. The Indians of the mission

DO SOME FARMING.

Most of them have some cattle, one or two horses and some young stock per family. Some have, and from two to four acres of land are under cultivation on each farm, growing potatoes, wheat and small vegetables. The missionary has helped them to plough, sow and plant, and has given them their grain for seed and ground. In the fall of 1882, the school had been in operation four years; the children are taught in English only, and they are quick to learn. Agricultural pursuits have been very successful until this year, which has been one of the worst ever experienced, on account of the dry weather and excessive heat. The average rainfall of other years has been about nine inches for the season; this year it has not been more than two inches. The temperature has been day after day 92, 94, 97 degrees in the shade; also, which is very unusual, the nights have been very warm, and they have been very little dew. Mr. Brick thinks the crop is not more than one-fourth the average yield. The total area under cultivation is about 40 acres.

FARMING IN THE UPLANDS

has, as yet, proved successful. The river flats are limited in extent, affording room for not more than eight or ten good farms; but the prairie on the uplands is unlimited in extent and Mr. Brick describes it as the most beautiful country he has seen, surpassing anything else in the North-West or in Manitoba. There are numerous groves of three or four acres, giving a beautiful park-like appearance, as if the country had been laid out by some master hand. Hay is cut on these lands; but the drawback to grain and garden cultivation is that for a night or two from the 15th of July to the 1st of August there are frequently three or four degrees of frost.

Mr. Brick says that the same difficulty was experienced in the early history of the Red River district and he looks forward to seeing it overcome at Peace River as it was overcome at Red River. Mr. Brick began experimenting here in 1885, breaking up about four acres, but having only a poor crop. In 1886 a magnificent crop of all kinds of grain and vegetables was raised. The result in 1887 and 1888 was a total failure, about six degrees of frost coming just after the wheat had headed out; in 1889 the crop was pretty good; in 1890 it was poor and after that farming on the uplands was abandoned. Along the river flats, just at the time when danger from frost might be apprehended

a heavy fog rises every night, and remains like a cloud over the land until 9 o'clock in the morning, thus protecting vegetation. Rev. Mr. Brick

HAS UNBROKEN FAITH

in the country and he thinks that the frost would to a large extent disappear if these uplands were brought into cultivation. The settlement of Vermilion, 300 miles below, has been prosperous this year, having the best crops ever raised there, more especially barley and root crops, less wheat being attempted. Mr. Brick would like to see a settlement near the Peace River mission. He believes that wheat would prosper, as every bushel of wheat raised is worth \$2.50. Flour bought at Edmonton for \$1.50 cannot be laid down at Peace River for less than \$6.50, and as two bushels of the wheat raised there yield 100 pounds of flour, \$2.50 per bushel for flour is realized when the flour brings \$5. Hundreds of bags of flour are freighted every year, so there would be sale for all that would be raised. While the country is

ADAPTED FOR RANCHING,

there is no market at present for cattle. Cattle have to be stabled in the winter, but horses live out in the open air and do well. As to the length of the season, Mr. Brick says he has ploughed on the 1st of April and sown wheat on the 4th; but generally he has begun about the 12th to the 15th. He has ploughed as late as the 7th of November, but generally the ground freezes the last week in October.

Disease also existed among the cattle of the H. R. Company, on a ranch 15 miles south of Dunvegan. The cattle die every fall, as many as 14 having perished one season. Mr. Brick feels that some steps should be taken, either by the Government or by the H. R. Company, as there is danger at times of the diseased cattle coming in contact with those of the mission.

The large game, such as moose and bear, are getting less from year to year, and there are indications that a rabbit famine is again close at hand. In 1887-8 there were no rabbits, and this winter is likely to see the last of them, it is thought, for another period. As rabbits are the staple article for the Indians, their disappearance means hard times for the Indians. They are not treaty Indians, and they have got no assistance from the Government except that \$100 which was used for the purchase and distribution of seed grain four years ago.

There are no mounted police in the Peace River country. Mr. Brick thinks it very desirable to have a small detachment, as prevention is better than cure, notwithstanding that the Indians are peaceably inclined.

Alcohol as an Ape-Catcher.

"The ape family resembles man in more than one respect," remarked Marron T. Bird, of Jackson, Miss. "They love liquor, and this love, as in the case of mankind, often causes them to fall. The natives of Central Africa make a fermented beer of which the monkeys are very fond, and, by using it as a bait, capture a great number of these animals. The natives go to the parts of the forests frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground gourd full of the enticing liquor. As soon as a monkey sees the taste it is lured to the gourd of joy that soon attracts his comrades. Then an orgy begins, and in a short time the beasts show all degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. The drinkers are far too far gone to distrust them, but apparently take them for larger species of their own genus. When a monkey takes the bait to lead it to the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support and endeavor to go off also. Another will come along, and the almost entirely of the negro leads a staggering line of ten or fifteen staggering monkeys. When finally got to the village the monkeys are securely caged and gradually sober down, but for two or three days a limited supply of liquor is given them, so as to recognize them by degrees to their state of captivity."—Globe Democrat.

The Forbidden Fruit.

Many are the attempts to identify the forbidden fruits. Some say it was the fig, others the grape, others, again, the pomegranate; but the most "Arabian Nights" description points it as an ear of wheat, which looked like a ruby and was as big as an ostrich egg, and grew on a tree whose trunk was like gold, its branches like silver and its leaves emerald.

Our first parents were expelled about 3 o'clock of the afternoon of Friday, the 10th of May, having resided in Eden seven years, two months, two weeks and three days. Adam was banished to Ceylon and Eve to Mecca, and they remained apart 200 years. Adam, according to some accounts spent half his time weeping, with his face to the earth; others, less charitably, aver that his solitude was cheered by Lithium, who resumed her former relations with him.

When he repented and joined Eve, he begged that something might be given him from the happy garden of innocence which he had forfeited, and in answer to his prayer, three mighty cherubs were sent to him—Michael, bringing gold, Gabriel frankincense, and Raphael myrrh—myrric gifts, in after years associated with the offering of the Magi, whom early Christian tradition identified with Enoch, Melchisedek and Elias.

Telephones in Church.

Supporters of the telephonic system in Birmingham England, can now be placed in communication with Christ church in that city and practically take part in the services. The telephone wires ran straight into the pulpit, and the listeners at the other end of the system can hear the tolling of the bell, the prayers, the responses, the singing, and the sermon. Even casual coughing among the congregation can be distinguished. There are many classes of persons on whom this new departure confers a great boon. The sick and bedridden who have long been prevented from attending any place of worship, can now be present, if not in flesh, in the hearing.

A Last Resort.

hollism (confidentially). "Say, do you see that young woman singing?" Policeman—"I should remark." "She lives next door to me. Say!" "Well, say it." "I'll give you a box of the best cigars ever smuggled if you'll rush into that house and ask who is being murdered."

## AN HOTEL MAN'S STORY.

The Proprietor of the Grand Union, Toronto, Relates an Interesting Experience.

Suffered Intensely From Rheumatism—Six Doctors and Mineral Springs Failed to Help Him—How he Found a Cure—His Wife Also Restored to Health—Advice to Others.

From the Toronto World.

One of the most popular officers at the recent meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada was Rev. L. A. Betts, of Brockville, Grand Chaplain for 1893-94. Until on his way to grand lodge Rev. Mr. Betts spent some time in Toronto, and among other points of interest visited the World office. It seems natural to talk Dr. William's Pink Pills to any one coming from the home of that world-famous medicine, and incidentally the conversation with Mr. Betts turned in that direction, when he told the World that he had that day met an old friend whose experience was a most remarkable one. The friend alluded to was Mr. John Soby, for many years proprietor of one of the leading hotels of Napanee, but now a resident of Toronto, and proprietor of one of the Queen City's newest and finest hosteleries, the Grand World Metropole Hotel, the Union depot. The World was glad to hear of the success of Mr. Betts, and determined to interview Mr. Soby and secure the particulars of his case for publication. Mr. Soby freely gave his testimony to the good done by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few years ago rheumatism with its attendant legion of aches and pains fastened upon him, and he was forced to retire from business and suffer everything the doctors could do for him. The disease was always worse in the spring and fall, and last year I was almost crippled with pain. I was just the way with my wife. She was a martyr to dyspepsia, never in perfect health, and when she saw the change the Pink Pills made in me she tried them. The marvelous improvement was just as marked in her case as in my own, and she says that her whole system is built up and the dyspepsia and sick headache have vanished. She, as well as myself, seems to have regained youth, and I have not the slightest hesitation in recommending this remedy one of the most valuable discoveries of the century. Let the doubters call and see and they will be convinced."

There is no use in fooling with neuralgia. It is a disease that gives way only to the most powerful remedies. No remedy yet discovered has given the grand results that invariably attend the employment of Polson's Nervine. Nervine is a positive specific for all nerve pains, and ought to be used by every family. Sold every where, 25 cents a bottle.

No great is done by falterers who ask for certainty. No good is certain but the steady mind, the undivided will to seek the good.—George Eliot.

A. P. 732

Mr. J. W. Dykeman, St. George, New Brunswick.

After the Grip

No Strength, No Ambition

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures Perfect Health.

The following letter is from a well-known merchant of St. George, N. B.: "C. C. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'Gentlemen—I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills have done me a great deal of good. I had a severe attack of the grip in the winter, and after getting over the fever I did not seem to gather strength, and had no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla proved to be just what I needed. The results were very satisfactory, and I recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with rheumatism or other ailments caused by poison and poor blood. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house, and use it when I need a tonic. We also keep Hood's Pills on hand and think highly of them.'—W. D. STEWART, St. George, New Brunswick. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or grip. Sold by all druggists."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

ailments caused by poison and poor blood. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house, and use it when I need a tonic. We also keep Hood's Pills on hand and think highly of them.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or grip. Sold by all druggists.

THE MONEY-MAKING KNITTING MACHINE

ONLY \$10. ASKING, SEWING MACHINE AGENT, PORT, OR SEND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS, PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, ETC.

THIS IS GOOD FOR \$25. SEND TO CREELEMAN BROS. LTD., GEORGETOWN, ONT.

The General's Cow.

Some years ago, the commanding officer of a military station, desiring a grass around the quarters to be protected while it was growing, gave strict orders to the sentries that no one except the cow should be allowed to step over it. The next day the General's wife called upon some ladies, and wishing to make a short cut walked across the grass from one path to another.

"No one to pass here madam," said the sentry.

The lady drew herself up. "Do you know who I am?" she demanded of the sentry.

"No, madam," replied the impassive soldier, "do not know who you are; but I know that you are not the General's cow, and nobody else is permitted to walk on this grass."

Charlatans and Quacks.

Have long plied their vocation on the suffering people of the land. The knife is passed to the quick; caustic applications have tormented the victim of corns until the conviction shaped itself—there's no cure. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor proves on what else there is no opinion after rest. If you suffer from corns get the Extractor and you will be satisfied. Sold everywhere.

## PRINCES AT HOME.

How the Three Sons of the Kaiser Obtained a Good Big Kiss From Their Mother.

The domestic life of Emperor William's family is full of homely affection, of which the world gets occasional charming glimpses. A few days ago, before the Emperor and Empress started for East Prussia, the three elder Princes had just said good-night in the usual way, and requested their mother to come to their quarters just for a moment for a last good-bye before she left. "But you'll be asleep long before then," the Empress said. "No, we will not," the boys replied, and begged again for another visit. Quite late at night when she was ready for her journey, the Empress went to the bedroom of the boys, and, to her surprise, found them wide awake. In order to keep each other awake, they had roped themselves together. When one began to show signs of sleepiness, the two others pulled away at the rope till he recovered from drowsiness. There was a tender, last farewell, and then the trio went to sleep.

The Mosquito at Business.

The little insect drops gently and daintily down on the spot it has selected for its attack, and the descent of so light and airy a being is likely to leave the victim unconscious of its presence, unless he has actually seen it settle. Then the proboscis is pointed downward, and the tiny lips that form its tip pressed against the flesh. The bristles within the gutterlike sheath being then pressed together into one solid boring implement, their common tip is forced down on the flesh, and as they enter the wound, the trough in which they were lying separates from them in the middle, and becomes bent toward the insect's breast, the two little lips all the while holding on tight.

The greater part of the length of the stilette is then plunged into the victim's flesh, and the blood is drawn up the fine interstices of the composite borer. The wound, though six instruments are concerned in making it, is extremely minute.

Get Rid of Neuralgia.

There is no use in fooling with neuralgia. It is a disease that gives way only to the most powerful remedies. No remedy yet discovered has given the grand results that invariably attend the employment of Polson's Nervine. Nervine is a positive specific for all nerve pains, and ought to be used by every family. Sold every where, 25 cents a bottle.

No great is done by falterers who ask for certainty. No good is certain but the steady mind, the undivided will to seek the good.—George Eliot.

A. P. 732

Mr. J. W. Dykeman, St. George, New Brunswick.

After the Grip

No Strength, No Ambition

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures Perfect Health.

The following letter is from a well-known merchant of St. George, N. B.: "C. C. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'Gentlemen—I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills have done me a great deal of good. I had a severe attack of the grip in the winter, and after getting over the fever I did not seem to gather strength, and had no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla proved to be just what I needed. The results were very satisfactory, and I recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with rheumatism or other ailments caused by poison and poor blood. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house, and use it when I need a tonic. We also keep Hood's Pills on hand and think highly of them.'—W. D. STEWART, St. George, New Brunswick. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or grip. Sold by all druggists."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

ailments caused by poison and poor blood. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house, and use it when I need a tonic. We also keep Hood's Pills on hand and think highly of them.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or grip. Sold by all druggists.

THE MONEY-MAKING KNITTING MACHINE

ONLY \$10. ASKING, SEWING MACHINE AGENT, PORT, OR SEND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS, PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, ETC.

THIS IS GOOD FOR \$25. SEND TO CREELEMAN BROS. LTD., GEORGETOWN, ONT.

The General's Cow.

Some years ago, the commanding officer of a military station, desiring a grass around the quarters to be protected while it was growing, gave strict orders to the sentries that no one except the cow should be allowed to step over it. The next day the General's wife called upon some ladies, and wishing to make a short cut walked across the grass from one path to another.

"No one to pass here madam," said the sentry.

The lady drew herself up. "Do you know who I am?" she demanded of the sentry.

"No, madam," replied the impassive soldier, "do not know who you are; but I know that you are not the General's cow, and nobody else is permitted to walk on this grass."

Charlatans and Quacks.

Have long plied their vocation on the suffering people of the land. The knife is passed to the quick; caustic applications have tormented the victim of corns until the conviction shaped itself—there's no cure. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor proves on what else there is no opinion after rest. If you suffer from corns get the Extractor and you will be satisfied. Sold everywhere.

Always Smoke THE SOMETHING GOOD CIGAR

It is Really Equal to any Imported. Take my Advice and Insist on getting this 10 Cent Smoke for 5 Cents

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## A Book for Young Men.

An immeasurable amount of suffering and injury to the human race, is due to the ignorant violation of physiological laws by the youth of our land. Ruinous practices are indulged in, through ignorance of the inevitable injury to constitution and health which surely follows. By every young man, the divine injunction, "Know Thyself," should be well heeded. To assist such in acquiring a knowledge of themselves and of how to preserve health, and to shun those pernicious and most destructive practices, to which so many fall victims, as well as to reclaim and point out the means of relief and cure to any one who may unwittingly have violated Nature's laws, and are already suffering the dire consequences, an association of medical gentlemen have carefully prepared a little book which is replete with useful information for every young man. It will be sent to any address, securely sealed, from observation, in a plain envelope, by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y., for two cents in stamps (for postage), or ten cents in stamps (for postage), if enclosed with this notice.

The Memphis *Scimitar* recently contained a seventeen-page advertisement of a real estate firm.

Cured the Doctor.

For some time past I suffered from Mumps, Chills, and Liver Complaint. After considerable thought I adopted St. Leon Mineral Water with a view to cure, and I must cordially say I was surprised, and agreeably so, at the great change for the better it has worked in me.

DR. S. GEO. LAUREN, Quebec.

Jack—"That girl next door sings like a lark—or should I say a nightingale." Tom—"Both. A lark, you know, sings by day and a nightingale by night."

Catarrh—Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing.

CURE THAT TAKE THE BEST

COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. The cure is complete. Consumption is the last cough and croup cure.

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# THE TIMES

Published Every Friday.

Grayson Block, Main Street.

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

WALTER SCOTT, Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription, \$1.50 per year.

Schedule of Advertising Rates on Application.

Advertisements of Wants, To Let, Lost, Found, etc., when under 1 inch, will be inserted for 50c.; subsequent insertions 25c. each.

All transient advertisements, such as By-Laws, Mortgage and Sheriff Sales, Assignments, and also Government and Corporation notices, inserted once for 10c. per line; subsequent insertions 5c. sold nonpareil measurement.

Our job printing is equipped with every appliance necessary for turning out first class work at shortest notice. Prices moderate.

**JOB PRINTING**

The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what is it worth, is worth."

Would it be worth it? —Byron.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

Pope's "Life of Sir John A. Macdonald" was issued last week. No book has before been published that will be read by Canadians more interestingly than this work. In it is revealed an inside history of Canadian politics for a term embracing nearly forty years.

Of Chatterelle, the brute who butchered a defenceless girl at Listowel a few weeks ago, the *Thamesville Herald* says: "We hope that no sentimental jury will allow the state old insanity plea to save his neck from a dance at the business end of a good heppen rope." Hear, hear! The rope's end, whether applied from the cross-beam or the whip handle, is proper medicine for such monsters as Chatterelle.

An Ottawa despatch states that "a reservation of four square miles has been set apart for a small band of Sioux Indians who have been wandering about the settlement of Prince Albert." This is probably the proposed reservation, mentioned in *THE TIMES* a short time since, upon which the Government will attempt to locate the Sioux families who eke out a precarious existence at Regina, Moose Jaw, Maple Creek, etc.

The Winnipeg Nor'-Wester, commenting upon the death at Baltimore, Md., of the wife of Robert Dinnistoun, late county judge of Peterborough, Ont., remarks that among the grandchildren of the deceased lady is Mrs. Haultain, wife of Premier Haultain of the Territories. The Premier's bachelor companions will be immeasurably shocked by this intelligence. It is a simple error. The Mrs. Haultain referred to is not the wife of the Premier, but of his cousin, Dr. Haultain of the N.W. M.P., now stationed at Macleod.

A late issue of the *Canada Gazette* contains a list of new regulations governing Indian children of school age in the Territories. The principle involved in them is that all Indian children between the ages of seven and sixteen, shall attend a day school on the reserve on which they reside for the full term during which the school is open in each year, unless excused as being already under efficient instruction, or being necessary to the support of some person dependent on the child. The Indian agents are empowered to appoint transient officers on the reservations, and parents or guardians are liable to a fine of \$2, and provision is also made for forcible removal of children whose education or comfort is being neglected, to the industrial schools.

## PARTIES AND THE PATRONS.

Some of the Conservative papers, among them the *Citizen*, are quoting with gusto Patron criticisms of Sir Richard Cartwright, who seems to be in danger of losing his seat in Oxford to a Patron candidate.

The Patrons are in the field, not to help Conservatives any more than Liberals, but to help themselves. Their principles are more directly opposed to the Conservative platform than to the Liberal platform, especially in Dominion politics. The Patrons also are stronger in Ontario than in any other province. Now, the Conservatives hold at present two-thirds of the parliamentary seats in Ontario. The brunt of the Patron onset must therefore fall on the Conservatives and any little momentary turn up in which a Liberal like Cartwright finds himself in danger from the Patrons is merely a preliminary skirmish to the main battle which inevitably approaches between the Patrons and the Dominion Conservatives.

Wherefore it seemeth gratuitously illadvised for Conservatives to jeer at the prospect of a Liberal falling by the way under Patron blows. Their own turn is coming, which will not be funny, to them, and it would seem safer as well as in better taste now to point out that the country at large can not gain anything by exchanging a parliamentarian of Sir Richard's experience, knowledge and force, for a green hand nominated by the Patrons. —*Ottawa Journal*.

## NOT THE SUPREME ISSUE.

One lesson that may be learned from the result of last week's bye-election in London, is that Prohibitionists do not consider Prohibition to be the supreme issue in Canadian politics. Easery, Prohibitionist, was left in a minority of 803 in the contest against Hobbs, of moderate temperance proclivities. There are in London many Prohibitionists as earnest as America possesses. These men voted for Hobbs. Why? Because opponents and supporters alike admitted that in point of personal worth the moderate temperance man was far superior to the Prohibitionist. They voted on the principle that a Prohibition government of mediocre ability would not be preferable to a moderate temperance government of the first rank.

A like motive must have inspired many Conservatives, for London is a strong Conservative city. The Independent Conservatives recognized that a Conservative government of mediocre ability would not be preferable to a Liberal government of the first rank.

The result in London is convincing proof that the people are fast becoming emancipated from the thralldom of partyism. They are doing some thinking on their own account. Hide-bound leaders are losing their grip. Meredith, with his superior abilities and clean record, was always sure of election in London; but when one of blatant inferiority sought to take Meredith's place, the people sensibly said, No; if Party depends upon you, so much the worse for Party!

## CONSISTENCY, IS THY NAME MASSEY?

Earthquakes have shaken up certain districts in Italy to such an extent that the collection of taxes has been suspended. If an earthquake would induce the Massey-Harris Company to suspend its prosecution of collections, how gladly would it be welcomed in the North-West. Condemnation of the Company's inexorable system of grinding the last cent out of unfortunate settlers is perhaps not called for; the presumption must be that it is collecting simply what is owing to it, yet it cannot be doubted that in many instances Massey's collectors become persecutors and oppressors. Unless he will induce his Company to deal more generously with, and show the glimmer of the quality of mercy to unfortunate farmers in the North-West, there is danger that Mr. Massey's much-vaunted reputation for philanthropy will become a by-word, scorned and sneered at, as is the name of Geo. M. Pullman, who ground the faces of poor people and salted down one hundred dollars in his own pocket for every dollar he paid to have his name blazoned on hospital portals and heralded forth as the name of one having a boundless benevolence and love of his fellows ensconced in his heart.

Were it a Jay Gould with whom the implement-mortgaged farmers of the Territories were dealing, not a word could be said in complaint of the methods pursued; for Jay, when he was poor and when he was a million times rich, was always consistent. He said that every man's hand was against him, and he took no stock in our Saviour's injunction to return good for evil. Benevolence, generosity, charity—to Jay these were incomprehensible terms. He believed his fellow man did not love him, and he wasted no love on his fellow-man. When a man owed him a dollar, he took it, and if he could make another dollar out of him in a bargain, he took that also, with interest. If his neighbour starved, Jay let him starve, on the principle that his neighbor would do the same for him in reversed circumstances. And Jay is dead. Whether he is now enduring special tor-

ments for his many acts of heartlessness committed on earth, who can tell? One thing we do know, that if Beelzebub keeps a specially hot furnace for hypocrites, Jay's lot will be elysium in comparison with what Pullman will have to endure. We would indeed be sorry to class a good, successful, loyal Canadian like Mr. Massey with such an example of the hypocrite-philanthropist as Pullman, but the truth must be spoken; and the truth is that if Mr. Massey does not influence the directors of his company to relieve the rigidity of the company's instructions to agents regarding the matter of collections, Mr. Massey will reach dangerously near to Pullman's standard.

## PRICE LISTS AS TEXT BOOKS.

A country subscriber of *The Advocate* (Prince Albert) writes that paper, asking "Why don't the general merchants advertise their wares and prices? We always have the catalogues of Eaton & Co., and other outside dealers, and the orders for even the commonest necessities such as dry goods, boots and shoes, &c., are surprising. We often have to order by mail or 'chance, and if we knew the values of articles in the local town that's 'where the order would go.' There is a lesson in this for merchants that should be heeded. Make your prices known. Moose Jaw merchants must face the fact that they are in direct competition with the merchants of Regina, Portage la Prairie, Winnipeg and Toronto. Eaton's prices are known in every house in the town; the Hudson's Bay Company's prices are a household word; T. A. Garland ships mail sacks full of price lists to every point in the Territories; and to our personal knowledge a large portion of the farmers' trade in this district is going to a Regina firm. We may rest assured that farmers do not drive to Regina to learn prices—the price lists in their pockets have induced them thither.

The farmer of late has developed great studiousness. The virtue is born of necessity. In more prosperous days price lists were simply an annoyance to him. To bother with them he considered a waste of time. He sowed his fields, reaped, threshed and sold his wheat, and pocketed a dollar a bushel. He bought his supplies, and of what interest were price lists to him? He always had a surplus of cash. But now that wheat has fallen in price sixty per cent, while the price of his supplies has not dropped in any like proportion, the farmer is brought up with a round turn. He is forced to ponder. To assist him in his cogitations, he studies price lists. The price list has become to him a well-thumbed text-book.

This growing propensity of the farmer to make a special study of prices was foreseen and acted upon by such dealers as Eaton, Garland and the Glasgow House of Regina, with the result that mail order departments have grown to be very important branches of many stores. The Dominion was sown with price lists and a rich harvest is now being reaped.

To meet this formerly unthought-of competition, local merchants must make use of a similar method. They must advertise local price lists, and not only that: They must arrange their price lists to counteract the inducements offered for the payment of high express charges on goods from eastern houses. In other words, prices must be such that purchases can be made as cheaply over the counter in the local store as by mail and express or wagon road at Toronto, Portage la Prairie or Regina.

It is absurd to attempt by lectures on the folly of "sending money out of the country for goods," to arrest such transactions. In the first place such lectures are illogical. The goods have to be brought in, and the money has to be sent out for them, whether by the merchant or by the individual purchaser. In the second place, it is the unquestionable right of everyone to buy where he or she can buy most cheaply, and the fact that trade goes out of a town is pretty fair evidence that high prices prevail in that town. As was pointed out in a recent issue, the credit system was largely responsible for the high prices that heretofore prevailed. It was impossible by selling on credit when possibly every fourth account was never paid, to compete with the mail order departments of eastern houses where every order received was accompanied by cash. With the introduction of the cash system we know the Moose Jaw merchants have made large reductions in prices; yet retail orders

are still being sent east. One of two things still requires remedying. Either the people are not aware of the reductions that have been made, in which case merchants will have to make more liberal use of printer's ink; or the reductions made have not been sufficiently liberal to make retail importation unprofitable. Local merchants have a duty and interest to give thought to this matter. Let the trouble be located and the remedy applied, in order that local tradesmen may receive the fullest benefit from local trade.

## HONEST JOHN, YOU'RE IN ERROR.

The respectable name of John Brown is liable to become a synonym for misdirected if not entirely mistaken zeal. The latest celebrity bearing that honest title bobs up in York county in a laudable endeavor to deprive of his seat in the Commons that staunch protectionist, Hon. Clarke Wallace. John is a Patron, and by that we should judge that his head is, in the main, level. He would abolish the Senate, which goes to show that he is in for economy. The Senate costs the country hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly, and the people have failed to discover wherein the Senate renders fifty thousand dollars service to Canada in ten years.

But economy may be carried too far. John would also abolish the Mounted Police force, and herein he errs. A study of the geographical position of our Indian reservations and our social conditions generally, should convince John that for the peace and safety of Greater Canada, a military force is requisite. That the Mounted Police force succeeds so admirably and completely in fulfilling the purposes of its organization, should not be used as an argument for its abolition, but rather as a justification of its maintenance. That fact in itself is a refutation of the calumny which John has allowed himself to imbibe from the irresponsible lips of some sore-head, viz., that the force is composed of scamps and scoundrels. By repeating that nonsense, John revealed his ignorance of the subject. There may be scamps in the force; but what church congregation of one thousand members is without its hypocrites? John, dear sir, you're "away off." The North-West Mounted Police Force by the uprightness and genuine manliness of its officers and men, has won the respect and admiration of every civilian resident of the Territories who is capable of respecting and admiring those qualities. Life in barracks and in itinerancy and isolation is not conducive to sobriety. More credit, therefore, is due to men who preserve their characters in such conditions. Are you certain, John, you would have maintained your steadiness, had you been removed from the peaceful homestead in early youth?

## The Standard

remedy for all stomach and liver complaints is Ripans Tablets. One tablet gives relief, but in severe cases one should be taken after each meal until the trouble has disappeared.

## Why She Laughed.

You know how it grates on your finer sensibilities to be laughed at to your face, especially when the laugh is of the harsh unpolished type. And you know one or more persons who are possessed of such a laugh and such a disposition to use it. Well, there is such a person in this town. He is a very well educated man, too, and is especially good in the language. Not long ago he was talking to a mild-mannered little woman who had asked him a question about a French sentence. He asked her to repeat it. She did so. "Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Ha, ha!" "Haw, haw, haw!" And the little woman blushed.

"What is it?" she asked, very much embarrassed.

"Haw, haw—I haw, haw—was laughing—haw, haw—at your very bad—haw, haw—pronunciation—haw, haw—"

"Haw, haw, haw!" she interrupted suddenly. "Haw, haw! ha, ha, ha, ha!" and she kept it up as long as she could, until he began to get red in the face and feel embarrassed himself.

"What is it?" he exclaimed, when she gave him the chance.

"Haw, haw!" she responded uproariously. "I was—haw, haw—laughing—haw, haw—at your—haw, haw—very bad—haw, haw—manners—haw, haw! Good-morning!" And she turned her back on him, and hasn't returned to him since. —*Detroit Free Press*.

Rheumatic Cures in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease! immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by W. W. Hale, Druggist.

## Y.M.C.A. Convention.

The following is the programme arranged for the Y.M.C.A. convention called to be held at Brandon on February 7-10 next:—

1. Bible Study for two hours each day.
2. Paper—"What are we here for?"
3. Three 10 minute papers on "The Young Man's Preparation for his Life Work."
4. Paper—"The Need of Trained Men in the Secretaryship, on the Directorate and among the membership."
5. Paper—"How can we get Young Men to Study the Bible?"
6. Paper—"The Problem and its Solution."
7. Paper—"Problems, Plans and Possibilities of the College Association."
8. Paper—"The Relationship of College Men to the work at large."
9. Address—"The Place of the Association in the Church's History."
10. Address—"The Joins of Foreign Missions upon Young Men."
11. Address—"A Home for our Young Men."

## The Winnipeg Blazes.

The fire which we reported on the 16th to be raging in Winnipeg, proved to be the most serious ever suffered by that city. There were in reality two fires, distant from each other about half a mile. The Canada Western Loan Co. block, corner of Main St. and Portage Ave., was the first to burn. While the firemen were there engaged, the Grand Union hotel, corner Princess and Ross streets, was discovered ablaze. Winnipeg has three fire engines. At this time one was dismantled, undergoing repairs; the second broke down at the first fire, and the third could not be spared from the Main street fire, the Grand Union burned as it pleased, the flames spreading and consuming surrounding buildings, the most important of which was the Merrick Anderson's wholesale warehouse. The total loss through the two fires reaches to nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

## Death of a Nonagenarian.

The *Thamesville* (Ont.) *Advertiser* Nov. 22nd, refers as follows to the death of the father of Mr. Jas. Smington of Moose Jaw:

"On Friday last Mr. James Smington, one of the oldest residents of the township of Howard, passed over to the great majority at the ripe old age of 91 years. He was born in Ireland and came to this country in 1832, the whole 62 years being spent in this neighborhood. He has been ill for about a year and his death has been expected for several months. His wife, three daughters and one son survive him. The funeral services were conducted in the Methodist church on Sunday afternoon by Rev. D. M. Kennedy. The remains were interred in the Everett cemetery, and were followed to their last resting place by a large number who had gathered to pay their last respects to a departed friend. Mr. Smington was a member of the Orange lodge and the brethren attended in a body, their burial service being read by Mr. Martin of Chatham, a brother of Mr. David Martin of this place. Mr. Smington was one of a long lived family. His two brothers died in this vicinity aged about 90 years.

## Sudden Death of a Rancher.

The *Medicine Hat* News furnishes the following particulars of the death of Mr. Wm. Trent:

People in town were shocked on Monday to hear of the death of Mr. William Trent, of the firm of Robinson & Trent Bros., ranchers, near Walsh. The particulars of the sad event, so far as we can learn, are as follows:—Deceased was, on Monday, washing himself, and felt sick and started vomiting. He went to his bed and lay down, complained of a pain in the head, and immediately became unconscious. Mr. A. Gow was sent to Walsh, where he telegraphed to Medicine Hat for Dr. Calder, but before the train had left for the east, another message was received stating that Mr. Trent was dead. He was a strong, well built, able-bodied man, standing about 5 feet 7 inches and weighing in the neighborhood of 160 pounds, and has always been very hearty and healthy, and it is hard to account for his sudden demise. A few weeks ago he had a hard struggle with a fractious colt and after tussling with it for some time succeeded in tying it to a telegraph pole; but whether or not the severe strain or exertion had anything to do with his death, is not known. While lying unconscious a twitching of the muscles of one side was observed. From the symptoms described, death is supposed to have been caused by brain hemorrhage. Messrs. Gow and Blaney drove into town on Tuesday, a distance of forty miles, for a casket, leaving for the ranch again the same evening. Mr. A. Trent, a brother, will accompany the remains east to Simpson county, Ont., where they will be interred. Deceased was a brother-in-law of Mr. T. W. Robinson, merchant, of Moose Jaw.

Heart Diseases Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart gives perfect relief in all cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a powerful remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. W. Hale.

## OYSTERS IN BULK.

Prepared to suit the most fastidious. Cooked to please every customer—in every known style and form.

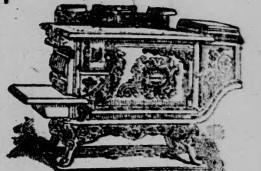
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**Playin' Checkers.**

There's lots o' fun in winter time, when woods is full o' haze, an' the blue smoke comes a curlin' where the cabin fires blaze. When the squirrel shakes the hick'ry nuts that tumble fur an' free; an' the best fun's playin' checkers by the chimney tree.

That takes you back to summertime—the village leaves in sight, The sun a-shinin' the leaves an' burnin' an' with light. The whole town roarin' the grocery store, a lookin' on to see The boys a playin' checkers by the chimney tree.

A pine box was the table—what they shipped the dry goods in. It was kinder lapped an' whittled, but as 'riginal as sin. With the "board" marked out in pencil, just as plain as plain could be. For the boys that played the checkers by the chimney tree.

I use to stand an' watch 'em—jest a boy, with ragged hair, Suspender made o' cotton an' me wearin' one at that. It was most as good as swimmin' or as flyin' kites to me To watch 'em playin' checkers by the chimney tree.

The mayor come out to see 'em an' the school left his seat; The preacher, kinder solemn-like, come wakin' down the street An' half forgot the sermon of salvation full an' free. As he watched that game of checkers by the chimney tree.

You could hear the birds a singin' in the meadows far away; The whistle o' the partridge an' the warblin' o' the jay; An' the train rolled on the station just as easy as could be. But they kept on playin' checkers by the chimney tree.

I guess they're still a playin' though the years has rolled away, An' the boy that loved to watch 'em is a gettin' old an' gray; But I see the light still shinin' on the meadow lands o' Lee, An' in dreams I'm playin' checkers by the chimney tree.

FRANK L. STANTON.

**They Went to Hear Laurier.**

(Winnipeg Tribune)

You see Josh and me went to hear Laurier when he was out. Josh is the oldest of the boys, an' the farm from me an' me an' me can't be talkin'—Laurier. Josh. He just gets up an' goes, with a style ain't nothin' to him. He's the bull of the town, while they're wonderin' when he's to begin the operation. Fresh as a daisy, Josh come at the other end of the rush and yell, somebod' like them. Others us to go to battle, and for they—that is, the other fellows—time to hit back, they're rushed into dog meat, you see, the state of all three has the same result, but they get that in different roles. Fresh as a daisy, attack the enemy with a gusto. Josh ain't Laurier's style at all. He drop on 'em with a long slender weapon—a sword, maybe you'd call it—and it sparks and dazzles in the sunshine so that the enemy likes to look at it, and while they stand there gazed and admiring and not guessin' how you'd there's a flash in the air and Mr. enemy is out in two, and he goes an' still says that the business of the day is over. And then Laurier, lookin' at Josh a little, says: "What took that fellow that was raised in French Canada? He's such English as he does. I never heard of any ordinary chatterin' stuff but I never heard of the patient manner of them cheep, cheep, cheep, that play like and seek round the physical stump, and more'n two-thirds of the superlative breed. His lawdige is what Josh call classic. Josh sez: Josh, you know has always been a grate reader—he says it mends him a little at Shakespear and quite a bit of John Brite. He says praps Laurier's vocabulary—that's what Josh calls it—comes more from readin' than from conversin', and that's why he talks in such pure English. I don't know how he got it, but I imagine he didn't come by it without burnin' some coal oil.

Wal, this aint what I set out to tell you 'bout, though it sort of leads up to the other. I run into a neat of lokal polytheism of the old bag style, 'tother day at the thrashin', and we was talkin' 'bout Laurier. They said it was all well wuf for him to talk of tariff reform and how he was goin' to bring down the docty sone the farmer could get his goods for less munny, but he couldn't do it. There was so innenny aillions that had to be raised every year, and while that was the case the docties couldn't be lowered anything worth while. It mite be true, they said, that there was extravagance and corrupshun at Ottawa, but if the Grite kem in they'd likely be just as bad, and there wasn't any use in makin' a change. After a heap of this sort of

talk I riz up and sez to 'em as follows:

Gents, look a here, you're gettin' off the trail and yer struck a siew that you're like to get mired. Sposin' the docties can't be braug down a cent—I think they kin, but we'll say for the sake of argument they can't—sposin' they'll stay just as they are, and sposin' we don't take no count of the tariff part of the question at all. Sposin' we look at the corrupshun part of it and nott'n else. You'll all admitt—cause you can't help it—that the munnev belongin' to the country has bin throwed away in cartfults on bridges and canals and docks and duffers till there ain't any left, and Foster has to go and borrow a couple of millions to keep up the feedin' that's bin goin' on for the last fifteen years, and if he stays in offus he'll have to borrowin' agin in a year or so. Now, sposin' you hire a man to work for you, and he cuts hisself loose and throws things round and brakes yer machinery, and wastes yer feed and founders yer hosses, and when you send 'im to town with a load of wheel takes yer munny and goes and gits full, and comes home with nothin' but empty bags and a soar head. Wal, sposin' this 'ere thing happens. Are you goin' to keep the critter workin' for you fer fear the next feller you git is going to be just as bad? I guess not. I think likely you'd gin 'im a tie pass an' try me other feller. Wal, sposin' you mix a little of the same kind of common sense in yer politycks. These fellers that have bin workin' fer you at Ottawa have bin smashin' things and havin' big jobberies on yer munny. Now you tell why you don't use 'em same's any other hired man? Consarn er pickety, aint you got no sense?"

This floored 'em for the time bein', an' I darssay some of 'em'll rekover fer pollin' day.

Yours truly,  
TIMOTHY H. DOR.

**Lieut.-Governor Mackintosh.**

Sir James Grant last week announced the departure of Lieutenant-Governor Mackintosh for Regina, although His Honor is not yet able to walk without crutches. Perfect rest of the upper portion of the body is all that is necessary to store the patient to perfect health. Technically the trouble proceeds from subluxation of the sacro-ile joint, sciatica being a resultant. For many months the patient was treated for sciatica, and each time it disappeared he was made to take as much open air exercise as possible, the consequences being that the irritation of the hip bone was increased instead of diminished. The trouble arose from a runaway accident last autumn, when His Honor was thrown violently, and very much shaken up, no serious results being manifest until last June. Since arriving at Ottawa a marked improvement is noticeable, and with his usual activity the Lieutenant-Governor has daily conferred with the Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Mr. Angus; the Deputy Minister, Mr. Lowe; the Minister of Interior, Mr. D. K.; and the Deputy Minister, Mr. Burgess, with reference to the Territorial exhibition and the granting of a site for the erection of buildings. This has been arranged for, pending the consent of others interested. He has also conferred with Mr. Gobeil, Deputy Minister of Public Works, in order to secure the co-operation of Mr. D. Smith, Inspector of public works at Winnipeg. Yesterday Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy, Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, held a long-extended conference with the Lieutenant-Governor in connection with the question of transportation and fares for the Territorial exhibition, Mr. Shaughnessy promising to co-operate in every possible way.

Ottawa correspondence to Empire.

**Relief in Six Hours.**—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. W. Bole, Druggist.

**A WELL MAN.**

No More Robust Individual to be Found in the Village.

RICHMOND, Nov. 28.—Dr. A. G. McCormick, whose letter respecting his cure from Bright's disease by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills has recently been published, is now attending his patients and is apparently as robust a man as can be found in the village. During the four months that he was confined to the house suffering from the last stages of Bright's disease, his death was several times reported, and no hopes were entertained for his ultimate recovery. His present robust appearance is therefore all the more surprise to residents. It is a safe prophecy that every sufferer from kidney disease in this section will hereafter try the remedial qualities of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

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Choice Liquors and Cigars.

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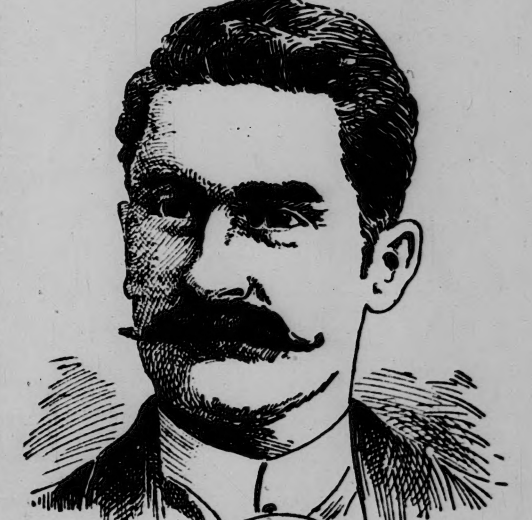
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Suffering For Years from Insomnia and Nervous Debility—Prostrated, Exhausted—No Vitality—No Rest Until "Nature's Sweet Restorer," South American Nervine Tonic, Built up the Nervous Organism, and Gave Back to the Worn and Exhausted Nerve-Centres their Wanted Vigor.



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For four generations the remarkable family of LaBodie have been prominently identified with the legal and professional life of Montreal. A long line of active, intellectual men, whose ambition to rise to prominence meant a constant drain upon the nerve forces and a tremendous demand for brain power. Mr. Adolphe LaBodie, B.C.L., J.P., etc., has for seventeen years been actively engaged in the legal profession, living as the duties of intellectual men of this fast age demand, beyond the reserve limits of natural nerve force, requiring more of the nerve centres at the base of the brain than they can possibly fulfil, which always results in nervous prostration, dyspepsia, hot flashes, insomnia, constipation, and attendant evils.

Mr. LaBodie spared neither time nor money to obtain relief, went to Europe for special treatment, all to no purpose. His attention being directed to South American Nervine Tonic, he concluded to try it. Result—immediate relief from insomnia, and a perfect and permanent cure from all other disorders, with but five bottles of the Nervine.

There is reason in all things: business reasons in business, truthful reasons in truth. Mr. LaBodie's statement herewith is the truthful reason why, if South American Nervine Tonic cured him, it will cure you. It is the nerve builder for brain workers. Brain and stomach cannot both work at the same time with healthful and happy issues. One must suffer. Intense intellectual activity produces indigestion because the brain is consuming all the nerve power. South American Nervine Tonic holds nature to a happy point, and life and its duties owing to fruitful success.

For Sale by **W. W. BOLE,**

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.



# UNDER A CLOUD.

A THRILLING TALE OF HUMAN LIFE.

## CHAPTER I.

IN BENCHERS' INN.

"My darling! Mine at last!"

Ting-tang! ting-tang! ting-tang!

Malcolm Stratton, F. Z. S., naturalist, a handsome, dark-complexioned man of eight-and-twenty, started and flushed like a girl as he hurriedly thrust the photograph he had been apostrophizing into the breast pocket, and ran to the deep, dimly window of his chambers to look at the clock over the old hall of Bencher's Inn, E. C. It was an unnecessary piece of furniture, for there was a black marble clock on the old carved Gibbony piece resting among Grimling chimney-wooden flowers and pippins, and he had been dragging his watch from his pocket every ten minutes since he rose at seven, taken his bath, and dressed; but he had forgotten the hour the next minute, and gone on making his preparations, haunted by the great dread lest he should be too late.

"Quarter to ten yet," he muttered. "How slowly the time goes!" As he spoke he smiled slightly and smiled, for a peculiar amused indecision of color had crept into the room through the chinks in the door.

He stepped back to view a new looking portrait on the Turkey carpet, and stood contemplating it for a few moments.

"Now, have I forgotten anything?"

This question was followed by a slow look round the quaint, handsomely furnished old oak-paneled room, one of several suites let out to bachelors who could pay well, and who affected the grim old inn with its pine trees, basin of water, and refreshing light. And as Malcolm Stratton looked round his eyes rested on his cases of valuable books and busts of famous naturalists, and a couple of family portraits, both of which seemed to smile at him pleasantly; and then on a small other natural history specimens, curious stuffed birds, a cabinet of osteological preparations, and over and around the heavy looking carvings and moldings about the four doorways, and continued from the fireplace up to the low ceiling. But, look where he would, he could see nothing but a beautiful face with large, pensive eyes, gazing with loving trust in his as he had seen them only a few hours before when he had said "good-night."

"I shall never be ready," he cried, with an impatient laugh, and crossing to one of the doorways—all exactly alike—he disappeared for a moment. He returned from his bedroom with a black bag, which he hastily strapped, set down, paused to think for a moment, and then taking out his keys opened the table drawer, took a check book, and sat down to write. "May as well leave enough," he said merrily. "I've waited long enough for this trip, and a man does not get married every day. One-fifty. Signature. Bah! Don't cross it, stupid!"

He tore out the check, threw back the book, and locked the drawer, before going to a door on the right-hand side of the fireplace, bending forward and listening.

"Wonder he has not been in," he muttered. "Now let's see. Anything else? How absurd! Haven't finished my coffee."

He took the cup from the table, drained it, and, after another look round, turned to the left side of the fireplace, where he opened a door corresponding to the one at which he had listened, went in, and returned directly with an ice ax and an Alpenstock.

"May as well take them," he said.

"Myra can use you."

He gave the Alpenstock a rub with the table napkin before placing it and his old mountaineering companion against the wall. Then, bending down, he was busy strapping the portmanteau and forcing the tongue of the last buckle into its proper hole when there was a knock at the door behind him, and he started to his feet.

"Come in."

The answer was a second knock, and with an impatient ejaculation the occupant of the chamber threw open the fourth door.

"I forgot the bolt was fastened, Mrs. Bradle," he said, as he drew back to admit a plump looking, middle-aged woman in cap and apron, one corner of which she took up to begin rolling between her fingers as she stood smiling at the edge of the carpet.

"Yes, sir," she said, "if I make to hold, and I don't wonder at it. Oh, my dear—I mean Mr. Stratton, sir—how handsome you do look this morning!"

"Why, you silly old woman!" he cried, half-laughing, she answered.

"Oh, no, excuse me, sir, not a bit. Handsome is as handsome does, they say, and you are and does too, and happiness and joy go with you, sir, and your dear, sweet lady too, sir."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Mrs. Bradle, but—"

"I always thought as you would marry some day, sir, as was only natural, but I never thought as a widow would be your lot."

"Mrs. Bradle," cried Stratton impatiently, and with his brows contracting a little, "I am very busy—not a moment to spare."

"Of course, sir, no wonder; but I do wish it hadn't been such a dull morning."

"Dull?" cried Stratton, rushing to the window. "I thought it was all sunshine."

"Of course you did, sir; so did I; and well I remember it, though it's forty years ago."

"Mrs. Bradle, I told you I was busy. I thank you for your congratulations, and I gave you all your instructions yesterday, so pray what do you want?"

Mrs. Bradle, wife of the inn porter, lifted the corner of her apron to her mouth, and made a sound like the stifling of a laugh.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure, and of course it's natural at such a time. I came because you sent word by the water that I was to—"

"Of course, yes; about ten. I'm so busy, I forgot," cried Stratton hastily. "Look here, Mrs. Bradle, I want you to go over to the bank it will be open by the time you get across. I wish this check for me; bring all notes—tens and fives."

"A hundred and fifty pounds, sir?"

"Yes; take a hand bag with you. Don't get robbed."

"Oh, no, sir. I know too much of the ways of London town."

"That's right. Excuse my being hurried with you."

"Of course, sir. I know well what your feelings must be. (Sniff, sniff.) Why, you can smell Mr. Brettison smoking his pipe—tobacco with that strange tobacco right in here."

"As the woman spoke she went straight across to the door on the left of the fireplace."

"Here! where are you going?" cried Stratton.

"Back directly, sir," came in a hoarse, accompanied by the pulling of a bath chain, the gurgling of water, and the sound of shutting down a heavy lid.

"Good morning, Mr. Brettison do smell, sir. It's my memory's got that had sir," said the woman, reappearing and carefully shutting the door, "that I'm obliged to do things when I see them want doing, else I forgets. It was only yesterday that Mr. Brettison—"

"Mrs. Bradle, the check, please."

"Of course, sir," said the woman hastily just as there was a little rat-tat at the brass knocker of the outer door, which she opened.

"Here is Mr. Brettison, sir," and she drew back to admit a spare looking, gray man, dressed in dark tweed, who removed his soft felt hat and threw it, with a lot of his valise and a heavy oaken stick, upon an easy chair, as he scratched the departure of the porter's wife before turning quickly and, with tears in his eyes, grasping Stratton's hands and shaking them warmly.

"My dear boy," he said, in a voice full of emotion, "God bless you! Happiness to you! God bless you both!"

"My dear old friend!" cried Stratton.

"Thank you for Myra, too. But come, you've come, you will join the wedding party after all?"

"I? Oh, no, no, my boy. I'm no wedding guest. Why, Malcolm, I should be a regular ancient mariner without the glittering eyes."

"I am sorry. I should have liked you to be present," said Stratton warmly.

"I know it, my boy, I know it; but no; don't press me. I couldn't bear it. I was to have been married, my dear boy. I was young, if not as handsome as you. But, there was a pause—"

"There was a pause," said the old man in a whisper. "I could not bear to come."

"Mr. Brettison!"

"There," cried the visitor with forced gaiety, "just what I said. No, my dear Malcolm. No, no, my boy. I'm better away."

Stratton was silent, and his neighbor went on hastily:

"I heard you packing and knocking about, but I wouldn't disturb you, my dear boy. I'm off, too; a week's collecting in the New Forest. Write to me very soon, and my dear love to your sweet wife—and angel, Malcolm—a blessing to you, my boy. Let her let you gather a few of those mountain flowers to send me. Ask her to pick a few herself and I'll kiss them as coming from her."

"I'll tell her, sir."

"That's right," said Malcolm, my boy. "I'm quite alone in the world, where I should have been now if you had not broken in my door and came and nursed me back to life, dying as I was from that deadly fever."

"My dear Mr. Brettison, if you ever mention that trifle of neighborly service again we are no longer friends," cried Stratton.

"Trifle of neighborly service!" said the old man, laying his hands affectionately upon the other's shoulders. "You risked your life, boy, to save that of one who would have died. But Heaven knows, Malcolm, and I've been a happier man since, for it has seemed to me as if I had a son. Now, on one side of me and I am glad. I've a strain to catch. Tell your dear young wife that Edward Brettison has watched your career—the man who was poor and struggled so hard to place himself in a position to win her will never be poor again; for I have made you my heir, Malcolm, and God bless you, my boy. Good-by; write soon."

"Mr. Brettison!" cried Stratton, in amazement.

The door opened, and Mrs. Bradle appeared with a black reticule in one hand and a ruddy telegram envelope in the other.

"See, wanted already," said the old man, hastily catching up hat, stick, and collecting box, and hurrying out without another word.

"Telegram, sir; and there's the change, sir."

"Ed! The notes? Thank you, Mrs. Bradle," said Stratton hurriedly, and taking the packet he laid them on the table and placed a bronze letter weight to keep them there.

"That will do, thank you, Mrs. Bradle. Tell your husband to fetch my luggage, and meet me at Charing Cross. He'll take a bit of course."

"I shall be there, too, sir, never you fear," said the porter's wife, with a smile, as she left the room, the woman hurriedly tearing open the envelope the while, and reading as she went.

"No bride's bouquet. What a shame! See to it at once."

"Confound it!" ejaculated Stratton; "and after all their promises. Here, Mrs. Bradle, quick! Give me the money."

He threw open the door to call the woman back, but before he could open his lips she had returned.

"A gen—gentleman to see you, sir, on business."

"To be engaged. Cannot see anyone. Look here, Mrs. Bradle."

"Mr. Malcolm Stratton, I presume," said a heavily built man with a florid face, grayish hair, and closely cut foreign looking hair.

"My name, sir, but I am particularly engaged this morning. If you have business with me you must write."

"Business? Too important. Needn't wait, Mrs. what-ever-name," he continued, turning upon the woman so sharply that she began to hurry down the stairs.

"I don't care how important your mission is, sir," cried Stratton; "I cannot give you an interview this morning. If you have anything to say you must write. My business is to be married."

"I know," said the man coolly; "going to be married."

Stratton took a step back, and his visitor one forward into the room, turned, closed the outer door, and before Stratton could recover from his surprise, the inner door, and pointed to a chair.

"Sit down," said the man, and he took another chair and sat back in it.

"What is all this about, sir?" began Stratton, with a half laugh; but he was interrupted.

"Don't waste words, sir; no time. The lady will be waiting."

As he spoke Stratton saw the man's eyes rest for a moment on the banknotes beneath the letter weight, and an undimmed sensation of uneasiness attacked him. He muttered it in an instant, ignoring the last remark.

"Now, sir; say you have business with me. Let me hear it, since I must—"

"Ah, that's businesslike. We shall be able to deal."

"Say what you have to say."

"When you go down."

"Stratton let himself fall back into a chair."

"Now then. Quick!"

"You propose being married this morning."

"I do," said Stratton, with a sort of dreary resignation, there should be some obstacle in the way."

"Well, then, you can't; that's all."

"What?" cried Stratton fiercely. "Who says so?"

"But keep cool, young man. This is business."

"Yes, I'll be cool," said Stratton, mastering himself again, and adopting his visitor's cynical manner. "So let me ask you, sir, you may be, and what is your business in coming?"

The man did not answer for a moment, but let his eyes rest again upon the notes.

"I say, who are you, sir?"

"On nobody of any importance," said the man, with an inward laugh.

Stratton sprang up, and the visitor thrust his hand behind him.

"No nonsense, Mr. Malcolm. I tell you this is business. Without my consent you cannot marry Myra."

"Myra Jerrold, this morning?"

"I say, who are you, sir?" cried Stratton furiously.

"James Barron, my dear sir—the lady's husband."

"Good God!"

## CHAPTER II.

TWO SHOTS FROM A REVOLVER.

Malcolm Stratton started back with his eyes wild and his face ghastly, just as there was the faint sound of steps in the stone stairs, and directly after someone gave a long continued double knock on the outer door.

"Company, eh?" said the man rising.

"Get out of mine. I've a lot to say. I'll go in here."

He went straight to the doorway on the right of the fireplace.

"No, no," cried Stratton harshly; "that is my door."

"False door," said the man; "is this?"

He laid his hand upon the other on the left of the fireplace, and opened it.

"All right. Bath room. I'll go in here."

As the man shut himself in, Stratton recoiled as if he would have fallen, but a second rat-tat upon the little brass knocker brought him to himself, and after a glance at the closed door, he opened that of the entry.

He found the entry door open, and a good looking, fair-haired young fellow of about fifteen-and-twenty, most scrupulously dressed, a creamy rose in his buttonhole, and a look of vexation in his merry face as he stood looking at his white kid gloves.

"I say, chap," he cried, "I shall kill your housekeeper. She must have black-headed that knocker. Morning. How are you. Pretty well ready?"

"Ready," said Stratton hurriedly. "No, got you in a hurry?"

"Why, huh, old chap; what's the matter?"

"Matter? Nothing, nothing."

"Tell you, look precious steady. White about the throat, but it's all right. Malcolm, don't take it like that. Fancy you being nervous. What about? Packed up, I see."

"Yes—yes."

"I wish it was my turn," continued the newcomer, "but I must have been two couples: Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Stratton; Mr. and Mrs. Percy Guest. Why, I say, old chap, you are ill."

"No, no," cried Stratton hurriedly; and a sudden thought struck him.

Catching up the telegram from the table, he handed it to his friend.

"Hullo! Nothing serious? Poof! What a molehill mountain! You shouldn't let a little thing like this worry you. Bless the dear little woman. I'll run on to Common Garden, Central Avenue, as we say in some circles, bully the beggar for not sending it. Start him, and he'll be for you in a jiffy."

"No, no," said Stratton excitedly. "Don't trust them. Get the bouquet, and take it yourself. Don't come back. I'll meet you at the church."

"All right, old chap. Your slave obeys. Only, I say, 'Mister' as well have been two couples: Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, and Mr. and Mrs. Guest. Screw up, and don't come with a face like that."

The speaker went to the door, opened it, and looking round languidly: "Precious little! Let him turn on the sun," he said, and hurried out.

As the outer door closed Stratton darted to the inner and shut it, while, as he turned, his unwelcome visitor stepped out of the bath room, evidently formerly a passage leading into the next chamber—and returned to his chair.

"Best man—bouquet—carriage waiting—church—wedding breakfast," he said languidly. "By Jove! I could drink a tumbler of champagne."

By the time Stratton had grown firmer, and, pointing to the door, he cried:

"Look here, sir: I'll have no more of this. You are an impostor. I don't know where you obtained your information, but if you have come to levy blackmail on the strength of such a mad tale, you have failed; so go."

"To my wife?"

"To be polite, if you dare to threaten me. Look here: James Barron, otherwise James Dale, died two years ago."

"Then he has come to life again, that's all," said the man coolly. "Now, look here, you've not come to quarrel. I call on you, and of course it must be just during such a time, but you see, I had no option. It wasn't likely that—be cool, will you? Let that poker rest."

He spoke quietly, and took a revolver from a pocket.

"I say it wasn't likely that you would be pleased to see me, and I'm not surprised at your crying impostor, because, as I well enough know, the papers said I was dead, and of the past ten years my beautiful little wife has worn her widow's weeds."

Stratton made a gesture to start forward, but the man sat back in his chair and raised the pistol.

"Be quiet and shut," he said coolly. "The quiet and listen. I'm an impostor. I was not married to Myra Jerrold, I suppose, directly after the old man had taken her for a continental tour with pretty little girl. I rather have had her if she had possessed Myra's money. It's all

right, my dear sir. I can give you chapter and verse, and commas and full stops, too, if you want satisfying. But you do not want to know. Why don't I put in my claims? Well, there is that little unpleasantness with the police, and that is why," he continued as he toyed with the revolver. "I object to your putting them in to interfere. No, Mr. Malcolm Stratton, I shall not let you call them in for more reason than one. Ah! you begin to believe me. Let me see now, can I give you a little corroborative evidence? You don't want it, but I will. Did the admiral ever tell you what an excellent player I was at piquet?"

Stratton started.

"Yes, I see he did. And how I used to sing 'La ci darem' with Myra, and played the accompaniment myself! Yes, he told you that, too. My dear sir, I have a hundred little facts of this kind to tell you, including my race after Myra's horse when it took fright and she was thrown. By the way, the tiny little red scarred from the white temple yet?"

Stratton's face was ghastly now.

"I see I need say no more, sir. You are convinced Myra is my wife. There has been no divorce, you see, so you are at my mercy."

"But she is not at yours," cried Stratton fiercely. "You go back to your cell, sir, and she will never be polluted by the touch of such a scoundrel again."

"Well, strong language, young man. And you are long on your temper. Once and you will be cool. You see I have this, and I am not a man to be trifled with. I do not intend to go back to my cell: I had enough of that yonder, but mean to take my ease. For the fathers are as chambers are, and I should proceed to extremities if you forced me."

"You dare to threaten me?"

"I dare to threaten you, my dear sir. But keep cool. I tell you. I didn't come here to quarrel, but to do a little business. Did you expect me? I see you have the money ready."

He pointed to the notes—notes to defray a colossal home mortgage. Stratton had half a mind to suppress a groan.

"There, I'm very sorry for you, my dear sir," continued the scoundrel, "and I want to be friendly, both to you and poor little Myra—good little soul! She thought me dead. Now, my dear sir, I tell you, and I dare say you love each other like pigeons. Next time, I admire her, but she never cared a snap for me. Well, suppose I say that I'll be dead to oblige you both. What'd you say?"

Malcolm was silent.

"I never wanted the poor little lass, frankly, I wanted her money, and the admiral too—hang the old rascal, he won about fifty pounds of me. But to continue, my dear sir, I tell you, and I dare say you love each other like pigeons. Next time, I admire her, but she never cared a snap for me. Well, suppose I say that I'll be dead to oblige you both. What'd you say?"

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